

CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER 1982

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DEW (MAGAZINE)



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CHANDAMAMA—1983

From the next issue the Chandamama will be marked by a number of new features, planned with great care for joyful as well as purposeful reading, all profusely illustrated in colour. Here are the highlights of the January Number—a specimen of the issues to appear during the year.

- **MY FAVORITE STORY** Launching a new series of stories narrated exclusively for CHANDAMAMA by India's top personalities in the fields of literature and culture. We begin with Dr. Mulla Raj Anand.
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- **NEWFLASH** Report on significant happenings for the youngsters.
- **CONTESTS FOR THE YOUNG** There will be three different contests stimulating the creative imagination of our readers.
- **A BUNCH OF STORIES**—witty and with human interest.

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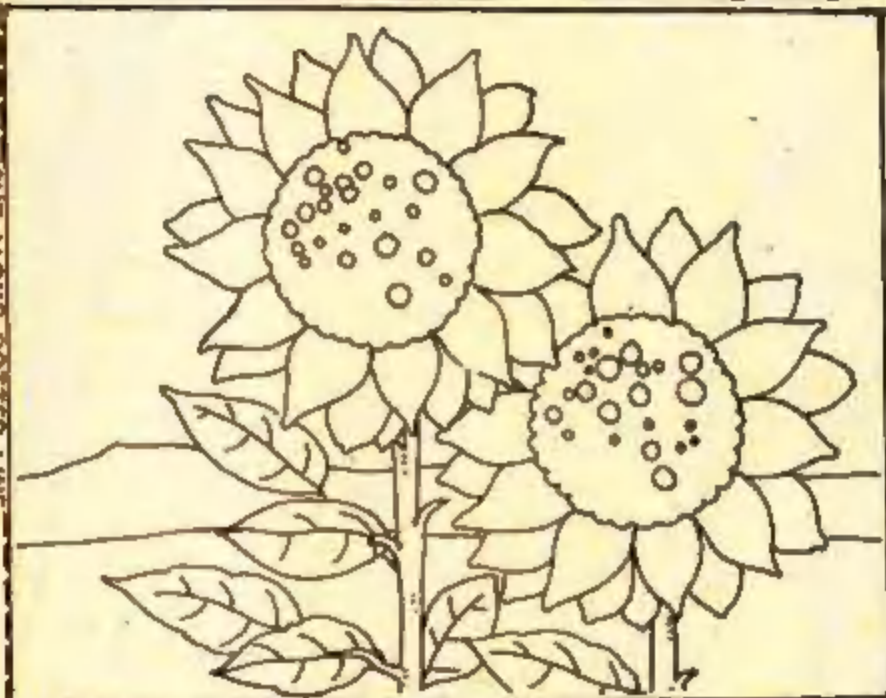
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CONTEST NO. 27



CHANDAMAMA

Vol.13 DECEMBER 1992 No.6

Founder CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor NAGI REDDY

MEET THE FRIEND-PHILOSOPHER-GUIDE

Yes, he is all three in one. He is Professor Chowdhury. Meet him in the new feature: *Towards a Brighter Personality*, beginning with this issue.

The professor is a gentleman who refuses to speak much about himself. All we know about him is—he has a deep insight into human mind, a world of experience in dealing with difficult persons and complex situations, and readiness to help others with what he has.

Through helping his grandson Rajesh and others, he will help us all. By and by he will give us most practical hints for correcting our wrong ideas about ourselves and others, for knowing ourselves and the world better, for speaking well, conducting ourselves well and winning friends—in other words, living well. Let us benefit from his insight and wisdom.

IN THIS ISSUE

THIRTEEN COMPLETE STORIES

AND Pictorial Story of Guru Nanak, the Story of King Harishchandra in Devi Bhagavatam, Three Limericks, Newsflash and more.

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NEWS- FLASH

Coming—the Singing Card

This Christmas many in America and abroad will receive greeting cards that will sing to them as soon as opened! Though they almost look like the usual cards, a microchip assembly ~~hidden~~ in the card's folds, complete with a thin battery and wee bit of a speaker, will entertain the addressee to a tune for about 30 seconds.



Twilight of Human Life

In a desolate African forest on the Middle Awash River Valley in Ethiopia scientists have found some bones that are believed to be those of the ape-like ancestor of man—the oldest ~~one~~ far found. The ~~most~~ advanced test shows they date back to four million years.



The 'Hero' is 4 Years Old!

Remember Mowgli of Kipling's *Jungle Book*? This little Indian forest 'hero' is being played by the 4-year old Gulchehra in a dramatic presentation of the book by The Musical Comedy Theatre in Leningrad, the capital of Tajikistan. Gulchehra is a girl.





THE LAST WORSHIPPER

A poor Brahmin lost everything in a great flood. He left his village with his wife and two children.

He did not know where to go. By evening they found themselves near a forest. Beside it stood a deserted temple.

"It is not safe to enter the forest at night. Let's spend the night in this ruined temple," said the Brahmin.

He felt very sad to see the idol lying uncared for. He cleaned the image and offered it flowers and worshipped it.

At night a figure told him in his dream, "Brahmin, I was waiting for someone to come and worship me for the last time. You did it. I'm happy with you. At dawn I shall be leaving this shrine for good. You can

dig out some gold the founder of this temple had buried under the white stone behind me."

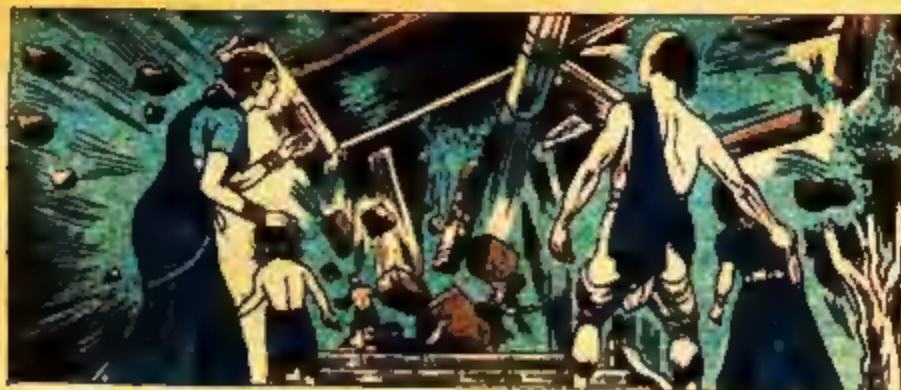
The Brahmin sat up. He awakened his wife and told her about his dream. They removed the white stone and discovered the hidden gold. They made a bundle of it. Prostrating themselves to the idol, they stepped out.

Suddenly three bandits confronted them. "What do you have in that bundle? Hand it over to us. Be quick!" their leader commanded.

The Brahmin looked pale. Must they lose the treasure to the gang?

His wife snatched the bundle from his hand and hurled it into the temple. The bandits made a dash to recover it.

Just then the temple collapsed.



lapsed. The Brahmin and his family looked on as the gang got crushed under the falling roof.

But the bundle was visible. The Brahmin picked it up and they found their way to the town. They had enough money

to buy a house and live happily.

"The same deity who spoke to me of the hidden treasure gave you the inspiration to snatch the bundle and throw it into the temple," the Brahmin told his wife.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

वनेषु दोषाः प्रभवन्ति रागिणां

गृहेषु पाञ्चैन्द्रियनिग्रहस्तपः।

अकुर्वन्ते कर्माणि यः प्रवर्तते

निवृत्तरागस्य गृहं तपोवनम् ॥

Vaneshu doṣāḥ prabhavanti rāgināṁ

Gṛheṣu pañcendriyanigrahastapaḥ

Akuvante karmāṇi yaḥ pravartate

Nivṛttarāgasya gṛhaṁ tapovanam

A man who practises no control over his senses can yield to passion even if he lives in a forest (for meditation). But a house-holder, if he is practising self-restraint, is doing meditation. Indeed, one who does not give himself to perverse acts and has mastery over his senses has made his house itself the garden of *tapasyā* (asceticism).

The Hitopadeśhaḥ





STORY OF 1404-72 GURU NANAK THE GREAT PRECEPTOR

In the early hours of the morning on April 15, in the year 1469, a son was born to Kalyan Chand and Tripta, a couple living at Talwandi, now famous as Nankana, not far from Lahore. Astrologers said that the child, named Nanak, was destined to be a great man.

The child grew up and began going to school. One day while the teacher was teaching the alphabet, the child was soon busy writing something on the blackboard. To the teacher's great amazement it was found to be a complete hymn, a prayer to God. The little Nanak proved a prodigy!



Kalyan Chand tried to engage his son in trade. One day the young Nanak was sent to the town to buy some items for sale in the village. Passing through a forest he met a group of ascetics and understood that they had no food for two days. He went to the town and brought foodstuffs with all his money and distributed them among the ascetics.



Even Cherd got Nanak married. This, he hoped, will make the young man totally worldly. Nanak had two sons. Even then his thoughts were not with his family. Often he sat engrossed in composing devotional lyrics "I write down as I receive the words from above," he said.

"God who cares for all will take care of you," he told his wife and one day left home for wandering. His journey covered many holy places of India, Nepal and Tibet and also Mecca and Madna Merdang, a Muslim friend, was his companion.



Nanak was pained to see that people observed religious rites without devotion. At Hardwar he saw pilgrims offering water to their ancestors, looking at the rising sun. He started throwing water in the opposite direction. When asked, he said "I'm warning my plants near Lahore. If your offerings can reach your ancestors, there might be a family held!"

Nanak's wit and wisdom began to attract seekers. At Sadpur, he was a poor man's guest. A rich man who was throwing a feast summoned him and obliged him to receive some food. In Nanak's right hand was the poor man's bread, in his left was the rich man's delicacy. He pressed both. Milk dripped from the right hand and blood from the left!



In the holy precincts of ██████ Nanak slept with his feet towards the ██████. A Qazi chastised him saying, "How do you stretch your legs towards the home of God?" Said Nanak, "Will you please turn them to the direction where there is no God's home?" The Qazi saw ██████ in whichever direction he moved Nanak's legs!

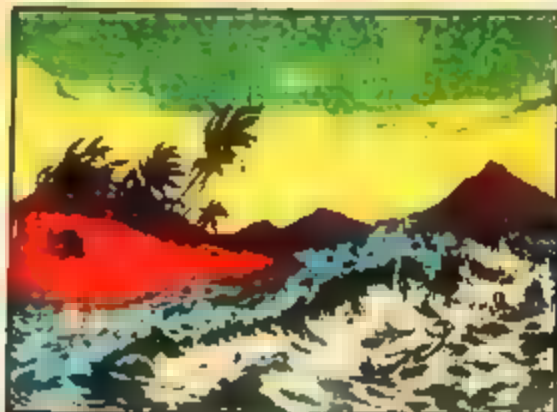
Nanak preached the gospel of tolerance and compassion. He exhorted people to rise above rites, rituals and formalities and to purify their hearts and cultivate love for Truth and God. He did not believe in caste difference. His teaching was intended for both Hindus and Muslims.





Living a glorious life, Guru Nanak left his body on 7 September 1539. His teachings formed a new religion, Sikhism. His chief disciple, Lahina, his spiritual successor, gave him the name, Angad.

The monument Guru Nanak's disciples made in his memory was swept away by the flood of the River Ravi. It is said that the Guru had said this to happen, for what was important was his ideal. The physical monument, his body, was piled into the Granth Sahib, re-immortal.



His disciples built a new town in his memory on the river-bank and named it Kartarpur, Nanak. A temple was built on the spot. Guru Nanak's town is held in high esteem by Guru Angad, was followed by eight more Gurus who followed behind them a great tradition.

THE MAGIC STONE

There was a hermit who knew the hymn by which **■** could get the *Chintamani-sheela* or the wish-fulfilling stone. Whatever one wished to have holding the magic stone in his grip, one could have it.

But the magic stone was not transferable. One had to **■** it oneself—by going through a rigid discipline and reciting the difficult hymn for an indefinite period.

A merchant went to the hermit and served him well and then said, "Sir, teach me the hymn by which I can get a magic

stone."

"Why do you want it? Don't **■** have enough wealth to live happily?" asked the hermit.

"The wealth I have is got through hard labour. Today it is there. Tomorrow it may be lost. Besides, I have to pass anxious times in order to safeguard my wealth. Once I have the magic stone, I need have no other wealth. The magic stone will give me whatever I need!" explained the merchant and he kept on pleading for the hermit's favour.

The hermit taught the neces-



sary hymn to the merchant.

"How long should I go on reciting it?" asked the merchant.

"As long as you have not got the stone!" replied the hermit.

The merchant lived a disciplined life and went on reciting the hymn. A year passed. He was coming out of the river Ganga after a dip when he saw a white stone lying on the edge of the water. It was the magic stone.

He picked it up and looked at it. It was not very bright. "What a fool I am to think that this dull thing could be the magic stone! The magic stone is not likely to fall into my hands so easily!" he mumbled to himself.

He then flung the stone into

the river and went his way.

Five years passed. One day he saw a glittering stone lying before him. "At last I have the magic stone!" he cried out in joy. He squandered away all his wealth, for he was sure that whatever he needed will be given him by the magic stone.

When nothing of his old property was left, he went into the forest and asked the stone to build for him a new house there. But there was no result. He was hungry and he asked the stone to give him at least some food.

There was no result, for it was an ordinary stone except for its glitter! The magic stone comes only once. It had come to him, but he had spurned it, because it did not look very bright.

From ■■■ *Yogavalsakhe*



A RECIPROCAL KINDNESS

A little girl was sent to buy cocoanuts. The shop-keeper in the market took the value of two cocoanuts from her but gave her the smallest ones he had in his shop.

He did the same the next day.

"Why are you giving me the smallest cocoanuts for the same price at which you sell big ones to others?" asked the little girl.

"It is for your good, child! The smaller the cocoanut, the less trouble for you to carry

them home!" replied the shop-keeper.

Next day the girl gave the money only after the shop-keeper had handed over the cocoanuts to her. She had gone only a few steps when the shop-keeper came running and caught hold of her. "You cheat!" he shouted.

Many people gathered round them to find out why the shop-keeper's monkey was up. Among them was the supervisor of the market. He asked the girl





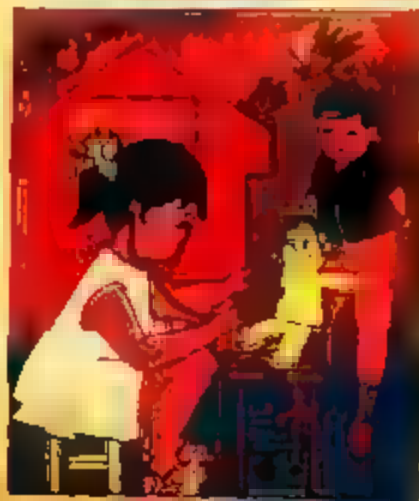
why she gave the shop-keeper less money.

"Sir, he gives me the smallest coconuts every day so that it will be easy for me to carry them. I too took pity on him and thought that if I give him smaller amount of coins it will be

easy for him to count them!" said the girl.

This inspired all to a hearty laugh. "You dishonest fellow," the supervisor told the shop-keeper. "this ought to be a good lesson to you! Go back to your shop!"

WONDER WITH COLOURS



THE HONEST AND THE WICKED

In a certain city lived a merchant named Abu Tammam. He was honest and witty. His wealth increased as people who traded with him trusted him. He became very popular because his speech was sweet and he was wise.

The king of the country grew extremely jealous of his prosperity and popularity. Abu Tammam found it unsafe to live there. The neighbouring country was ruled by a young and good-natured king named

Alyan Shah. Abu Tammam went over to the city that was King Alyan Shah's capital.

King Alyan Shah soon heard of Abu Tammam and of his wit and wealth. He wanted to ■■■ him. Abu Tammam went to his court with a variety of gifts. In ■■■ time he charmed the king with his conduct and speech.

"Why don't you give ■■■ your company regularly?" asked the king.

"My lord, better I serve you from some distance. It is not





always safe to be very close to a king, for that makes others jealous," said Abu Tammam.

But the king took Abu Tammam's reluctance lightly. He summoned him to his court now and then and bestowed great favours on him. For every problem the king now consulted Abu Tammam and not his three viziers.

This made the three viziers quite jealous of Abu Tammam. They could not bear with the changing situation.

"What to do with this fellow? He seems to have bewitched the king!" one of the viziers said when the three met privately.

"There is a fine way to get rid of him. The king of Turkey has a daughter who has become legendary for her beauty. Many kings have sent emissaries proposing to marry her. But no emissary has come back. Probably they are killed by the Turkish king. Our king is a bachelor. Let us speak to him about the princess and let us advise him to send Abu Tammam to the Turkish court as his emissary," said another vizier.

All the three agreed that this was an excellent scheme. They kept singing about the beauty and the virtues of the Turkish princess before their young master. At last King Alyan Shah felt inspired to seek the princess' hand in marriage.

"Who will go as my emissary?" he asked the viziers.

"My lord, all will depend on the impression the emissary will make on the Turkish king's mind. You should send one who is most accomplished at speech and etiquette," said one of the viziers.

"Right, my lord, and I believe Abu Tammam would be the best man for this," said another.

Abu Tammam was sent to the Turkish court. The Turkish king

received him cordially. "Meet my daughter," he said. Accordingly Abu Tammam was ■ into the inner apartment ■ the palace. The princess was ready to receive him. After greeting her Abu Tammam sat down ■ the floor, without raising his head to look at her for a second time.

After a little while the princess said, "Here are some gifts for you." She pointed at a tray on which there were several precious jewels. Abu Tammam once looked at them, but never touched any of them.

The princess rose to retire. Abu Tammam also stood up and bowed to her. When he met

the king again, the king said, "My daughter complains of your being blind, deaf and dumb!"

"My lord, my king sent me here to put forth the marriage proposal, not to look at the princess. To keep looking at her would have been immodest on ■ part. I listened to her all right, but whatever I had to say, I had said to you," said Abu Tammam.

"Why did you refuse to receive the gifts?" asked the king."

"My lord, to receive gifts before knowing whether our proposal has been accepted or ■ would not have been proper





on my part," replied Abu Tammam.

The king's face beamed with happiness. He said, "My friend, the emissaries of the other kings used to forget their mission once they were before my daughter. They used to at her shamelessly and talk to her glibly and pick up the gifts greedily. See what has happened to them." The king led Abu Tammam to a window removed the screen. Through it Abu Tammam could see a in which the previous emissaries sat or lay prisoners.

The king said again, "I've heard much about Alyan Shah.

I shall be happy to give my daughter a marriage to him I hope, you have no objection in receiving the gifts now!"

The king sent Abu Tammam back to his master rewarding him with many a gift. The marriage was performed before long. The imprisoned emissaries were granted liberty on that occasion.

The three viziers lost their peace and sleep thinking of how to destroy King Alyan Shah's affection for Abu Tammam. They conspired and took two young servants of the king into confidence. These two servants used to massage the king's feet at night. They were given a bagful of gold and were taught what they should do.

At night the two boys sat massaging the king's feet. The king was not asleep, but they pretended to think that the king was asleep.

"Have you heard about that cunning fellow's bragging?" asked one.

"Which cunning fellow?" asked the other.

"There is only one cunning fellow and he is Abu Tammam. Everybody but the king knows his nature," said the first.

"What is he bragging about?"

asked the second.

"He says that the Turkish princess agreed to marry our king because of him! He claims that the princess was so very charmed by him that she could not have lived far from him!" replied the first boy.

"Like every body else I also knew that Abu Tammam was wicked, but I did not know that he was so wicked!" commented the second.

In the morning the first thing the king did was to throw Abu Tammam into a dungeon.

A few days passed. One night the king heard a brawl. Two fellows were quarrelling. The shouts were coming from the quarters meant for the palace-servants. He tiptoed in that direction and saw those two boys coming to blows.

"I must have more than half of the gold because I made the greater part of the talking," claimed one. The other was not willing to give in.

The king called out for his bodyguards and had the two boys arrested. Fearing for their lives, the two boys confessed that they had spoken lies about Abu Tammam. They also could not hide who gave them the gold and tutored them to speak like that.

The king at once set Abu Tammam free and apologised to him.

"My lord, had I said that it was unsafe to close you?" Abu Tammam reminded the king with a smile.

The king punished the three jealous viziers and made Abu Tammam his sole vizier.





THE LOOK ALSO COUNTS

There was a crowd in the village street. Sukumar came closer and saw that a bearded man was lecturing to the villagers.

Sukumar asked some people, "Who is this gentleman?"

They gave him the background of the situation: Two young men were quarrelling. They had almost come to blows. The villagers tried to pacify them, but failed. Luckily the old man was passing by. He intervened and asked the young men to be quiet. They listened to him and went away in different directions.

"Now, hear me, you ignorant fellows, you are all after money and that sort of things. What you need is knowledge," said the stranger. He then spoke philosophy and quoted passages from scriptures.

Said he, "You ought to be

angry with anybody. No, never."

"Is that possible?" asked Sukumar.

"Why not? Take my case. Can you ever anger me? You cannot. One has no ego, one has no anger," replied the stranger, all smiles.

"I agree. But is it possible to give up ego altogether?" asked Sukumar again.

"It is possible for mystics and Yogis," replied the stranger with a broad smile. The people at once understood that he was a mystic and a Yogi.

"But, sir, are you a Yogi yourself?" asked Sukumar. He had a feeling that he had seen the stranger in the town. Though he looked like an ascetic, he was a rich businessman.

The stranger stared at Sukumar, rather angrily, but grinned.



and said, "Well, I do not wish to advertise myself!" He then began walking.

Sukumar walked side by side with him.

"Sir!" he called out.

"Yes?" the stranger looked askance

"Sir!" Sukumar called again.

"What is it? I'm listening to you!"

"Sir!" Sukumar repeated.

"Shut up, you wicked fellow, you vagabond!" blurted out the stranger.

"Now I know. Since you got angry, you have ego. Since you have ego, you are no Yogi. You only look like one. However, thank you for breaking the quarrel between those two young men. Even the look of a Yogi counts!" said Sukumar.

Why did God make this world? I don't know.
 He made a better world, and I joined it.
 Right? That's why I don't know, you know.
 Will you quarrel with your wife? Making a
 better world, and I don't know.





New Tales of
and the Vampire

REWARD FOR A KILLER

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Roars of thunder were interspersed with the howls of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. ■■ climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon ■■ he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder. ■■ Vampire that possessed the corpse observed. "O King, I do not know for whom you are taking all this trouble. Is the one to benefit from your labour a good man? Otherwise there is the danger of his misusing the power he gets through you. Let me tell you a story to illustrate my point. Pay attention to it."

That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In a certain village lived two young friends, Ashok and Lankesh. They went to school and played together. Ashok was an intelligent and good-natured boy. Lankesh was selfish and violent. He often beat up Ashok and stole away Ashok's things. Ashok, however, was always kind to him. He never retaliated.

Both grew up to be young men. One day Lankesh told Ashok, "Let us go abroad and find some way to earn a lot of money."

"No, my brother, I do not propose to leave this village. I have no fascination for a lot of money," replied Ashok.

"You are a coward!" commented Lankesh. He went out alone.

He travelled for many days. One day, while crossing a forest, he saw a hermit seated in meditation. He sat down before him and waited with folded hands till the hermit opened his eyes and saw him.

"What do you want?" asked the hermit.

"O holy one, my desire is to be rich as quickly as possible."



said Lankesh.

"There are several ways to be quickly rich. You may steal or cheat people and grow rich. But that won't give you any true happiness. Only if the Goddess of Wealth is pleased with you, then you can be rich as well as happy. I can teach you a hymn. If you stand on the hill yonder and recite the hymn, the goddess will be pleased with you sooner or later," said the hermit.

Lankesh agreed to do as advised. The hermit taught him the hymn. He went to the hill-top and stood down and began reciting the hymn.

Now, that hill was the abode

of an ogre. Ogres don't like anybody thinking of gods and goddesses or uttering their names where they live. They even find this very painful.

The ogre of the hill approached Lankesh and asked, "What do you mean by taking position here?"

Lankesh told him what his aim was.

The ogre laughed. "You must be a fool to pray to a goddess for wealth. Gods and goddesses are not so easily pleased, my friend! It may take you years to have any result. That too is doubtful. As I see, you are not a devotee

of any sort, but only a greedy chap. However, I can help you grow rich," said the ogre.

"I shall be thankful," said Lankesh.

"I can teach you a hymn. By reciting that you can harm others or destroy their property. Thereby you can terrify people and extort money from them!" proposed the ogre.

Lankesh jumped at the idea. He picked up the hymn and returned to his village taking to the shortest route.

"I can perform amazing feats!" he declared boastfully before the villagers. They nod-



ded or smiled. They did not believe him, but they did not wish to challenge him.

But there was Ravi, a young man, who asked, "Lankesh! What use making tall claims about your capacity? Can you show any amazing feat?"

"Tall claims? Do you mean ■ say that I am making tall claims? Well, see what I can do to you!" Lankesh recited the hymn he had learnt from the ogre and looking at Ravi, said, "Become dumb!"

Alas, Ravi could not speak however he tried. All were stunned.

"Do you wish to see more of my capacity?" asked the gleeful Lankesh. He looked at a big mango tree teeming with fruit and recited his hymn and said, "Get reduced to ashes!" The tree caught fire at once and became a heap of ashes in no time. The owner of the tree, a poor farmer, burst into wailings.

"Shut up!" shouted Lankesh, "Or I'll make you dumb too!"

Ashok elbowed his way forward and caught hold of Lankesh and said, "Lankesh, you must be hungry. Come to my house and have food."

At Ashok's house Lankesh ate to his heart's content. "My



brother, you ought not to use your power in this fashion!" Ashok said softly.

"Why not? I'll finish you off if you stand in my way!" said Lankesh waving his arm menacingly.

Ashok had attentively heard the hymn Lankesh had twice recited. ■ had remembered it. Suddenly he recited it and looking at Lankesh, said, "Become dumb!"

A horrified Lankesh soon realised that he had indeed grown dumb. He lifted a chair and threw it at Ashok. Luckily Ashok ■ not hit. Lankesh pursued him and caught hold of

him and started beating him mercilessly. But Ashok was stronger. He threw Lankesh down. Lankesh's head hit a boulder. He died on the spot.

Ashok was arrested, accused of killing Lankesh. He was produced before the king. Instead of sending him to gaol, the king appointed him his minister."

The vampire fell silent for a moment and then asked in a challenging tone: "How could the king reward a killer with such high position? Answer my question, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram replied forthwith: "No doubt the king was a man of very sound judgement. He could see all the qualities of an ideal minister present in

Ashok. Basically Ashok was kind-hearted. That is why he tolerated Lankesh as a friend. But he was a man who was conscious of what is good or bad for the community. As soon as he understood that Lankesh was going to be a menace to the people, he acted to silence him. This he could do because he had a highly alert mind. He had picked up the hymn Lankesh recited by listening to it only twice. He could act decisively at the right moment. These are no ordinary qualities. Ashok cannot be called a killer. Lankesh died rather accidentally. The king did right in rewarding Ashok."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



Fish Atop the Tree

A young vagabond looked at a palm-tree and saw a pot hung to it. Sweet palm-juice or toddy had been collected in it.

He climbed the tree, lured by the toddy. But he saw the toddy-tapper coming that way. He started climbing down.

"What were you doing up on the tree?" demanded the toddy-tapper.

"I was trying to catch fish."

"How can there be fish atop the tree?"

"Indeed, how can there be? No wonder that I should come down!" replied the vagabond.





A DILEMMA

Subal was returning home from the town. It was a long way.

By the time he crossed a vast meadow, it was already evening. He looked in all directions and ■■■ located a small village.

The winter had set in full swing. The villagers generally remained indoors after the fall of dusk. Subal entered ■ desolate village.

He decided ■ seek shelter in someone's house for the night and to resume journey in ■ morning.

He saw ■ girl standing on the verandah of ■ house. No other person was to be seen anywhere. "I'm a traveller," Subal told the girl, "Can I spend my night somewhere in your vil-

lage? Is there ■ choultry or an inn nearby?"

The girl observed Subal for a moment and then said, "I am in an unhappy situation. Can you help me out of it?"

"What's the problem?" asked Subal.

"I have none but my father. He goes out to the forest every day, but returns by the sunset without fail. I do not know why he has not come back today though it is already night. I feel quite anxious about it. I want to ■ into the forest, looking for ■. I ■ afraid of going alone. There is nobody in the neighbourhood who would care to accompany me to the forest at this hour!" The girl wiped her

eyes.

Although Subal was tired, he said, "This is hardly a problem! Come on. Let's go to the forest. I'm sure we'll meet him on the way."

The girl brought out a lantern. She then locked the house and led Subal the way towards the forest. She told him her story. Her name was Kalyani. She had lost her mother when very young. Her father, Gopal-das, was expert at identifying different valuable herbs. He collected them from the forest and supplied them to some physicians or sold them in the market.

The two entered the forest. Kalyani knew the areas that her father frequented. She led Subal to those places. "Father? Where are you?" shouted Kalyani several times. When no response came, Subal called out for Gopal-das again and again. But no third human being seemed to be there around.

Dawn broke out. "Don't worry," said Subal comforting the girl. "Your father perhaps went to the bazar straight from the forest. Something must have detained him there. May he be already back home."

Around mid-day a neighbour



came in holding in his hand Gopal-das's sandals. "I went into the forest this morning. I surprised to find Gopal-das's sandals lying haphazardly. I searched for him, but to no avail," he said.

Kalyani cast a vacant look at the boy. "What does this mean? Where then is my father?" she asked at last.

Subal felt extremely sad at her innocent query. The neighbour sighed and said, "Well, we can only guess what might have happened. A week ago a traveller was dragged away by a tiger. Who does know about tigers making this part of the forest



their haunt once in a while? I do not expect Gopalbhai to come back."

Kalyani swooned away. Subal sprinkled water on her face and revived her. He and the neighbour tried to console her with many words. Then the neighbour left.

Subal decided to spend his night there. At midnight ■■■■■ sound woke him up. He noticed Kalyani going out into the backyard of the house. In the faint moonlight Subal saw her standing near the well.

Her movement made Subal suspicious of her motive. He stealthily went ■■■■■ the door

and waited to see what she would do next.

Kalyani was about to jump into the well when Subal rushed out and stopped her. "What are you doing?" he shouted.

"What else can I do? With my father gone, who is there to care for me?" Kalyani said amidst sobs.

"Why? Am I not there to care for you? I'll take you home after persuading my father to agree to ■■■■■ marriage," Subal said in a reassuring tone. Kalyani did not say anything. She quietly went back to her bed.

Early in the morning they heard the sound of a cart coming to halt in front of the house. Kalyani hurried out and gave a cry of joy at what she saw. Gopaldas was coming out of the cart, helped by a young man.

"My father!" cried out Kalyani as she embraced him. Gopaldas relaxed and narrated how he was bitten by a snake and fell down losing sense. He did not know what happened thereafter.

The young man named Ashok, who brought him there, narrated what happened after Gopaldas swooned away.

Ashok was an orphan. That day he had ■■■■■ away to the

forest ■ order to avoid ■ hulla-
balleo ■ his village because of a
festival. Ashok always liked the
silence of the forest and the
churning nature around, and
disliked crowds.

Soon after entering the forest
he saw Gopaldas lying uncon-
scious. He tried to revive him,
but could not. He carried him
on his shoulder to a physician in
the bazar. The physician cured
him.

"It is impossible for us to
repay your debt. You saved my
father's life just as this traveller
saved my life," said Kalyani,
pointing her hand at Subal.

Subal and Ashok became

friends. At Gopaldas's request
they agreed to pass the day
there.

In the evening, while the two
young men were out, Gopaldas
told Kalyani, "My child, Ashok
is a fine boy and he has nobody
to call his own. I propose that
you marry her. He can live with
■ here."

"But, father, Subal proposes
to marry me!" fumbled out
Kalyani.

"My child, Ashok saved me
from certain death. I've already
told him what my wish is!" said
Gopaldas.

"Father, hasn't Subal saved
■ life?" asked a perplexed



Kalyani.

"Right," answered Gopaldas. "Had I found out, on returning home, that you were no more, I would have died too. It is a rather strange situation. I leave the matter to you. Your decision shall be final."

The priest of the village temple used to like Kalyani very much. She met him and acquainted him with the situation—and sought his advice. But the priest said, "My daughter, you alone can take a decision in this matter!"

Kalyani spent some time in meditation before the deity. Then she came out and told the priest, "I've decided. I'll marry Ashok."

"Is it because he saved your father's life?" asked the priest, smiling.

"No. He is an orphan and my

father has brought him home with the promise that I'll marry him. In the normal circumstances it is my father who would have decided about my marriage. So far as Subal is concerned, neither my father nor myself promised anything to him. It is he who proposed to marry me. That he did out of his compassion. He has to persuade my father to give his consent to the marriage."

"Your decision, my daughter, is right," said the priest.

Kalyani told her father what her decision was. Just then Subal and Ashok returned from their walk. Gopaldas spoke to them frankly about the dilemma he and his daughter had faced and what Kalyani thought about it.

"What Kalyani says is perfectly right. I welcome her decision," said a happy Subal.



RAVI'S TRIUMPH

Ravi was afraid of darkness. He never braved into the open at night, alone.

One day his three friends teased him for his lack of courage. But Ravi asserted that he was as brave as any other boy in the village.

"Is that so? Can you proceed to the cremation ground at night, alone? If you can, we will give you a reward of twenty rupees. But you must pay us a similar amount if you cannot. Is the proposal acceptable to you?" asked his friends.

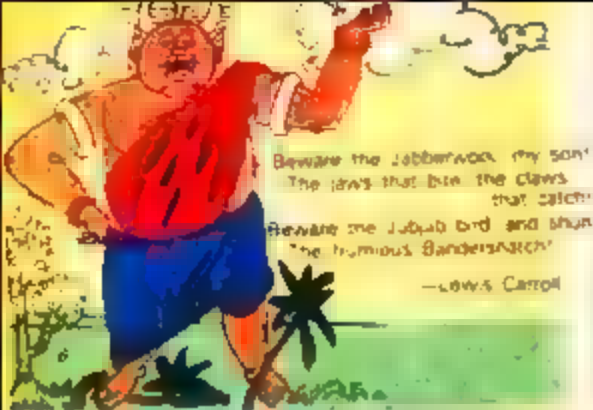
"Very well," said Ravi.

To the great surprise of his three friends, Ravi strolled towards the cremation ground at night and returned to his friends.

The friends handed over the promised reward to him and asked him, "Ravi! How could you do this?"

"What is surprising about it? I knew that you chaps will follow me to feel sure that I did the job. Why should I fear when I knew that I was not alone?" explained the triumphant Ravi.





CHANDAMAMA DICTIONARY OF SELECT WORDS AND PHRASES

BANDERSNATCH (N): A monster invented by Lewis Carroll in a poem in *Through the Looking Glass*. Jabberwocky, another strange creature, is the central figure in that poem.

BANDICOOT (N): The large rat found in India, Sri Lanka, and Australia. In Australian English, To bandicoot (V) means to steal vegetables like potatoes and carrots leaving the top portion of the plants as they were.



MRS. NITTY HAD ALREADY
CALLED US **BANDERSNATCH**
BANDICOOT AND **BANDIT**
BEFORE WE KNEW THE
DICTIONARY!



BANDIT (N): An outlaw, a dakoo. However, one-armed bandit is no dakoo with one arm, but a fruit machine. It is because its lever looks like an arm and it might cause injury to one as a bandit does.

THREE LIMERICKS



There was a miser who suffered from a fever
But how he turned the situation to his favour!
When he ran high temperature
He placed on his back his pitcher
And heated water for tea
saving fuel expenditure

"Is there a dress that'd make me
look younger?"
"There is," said the salesman,
"for a million dollars!"
"Ridiculous! I swear!"
Exclaimed the customer
"I agree," said the salesman,
"but so is your dealer!"



There was a wise linguist
who taught his batch
The great art of human speech
The excellent creature
Grew wiser and wiser
Till she taught her master the art of
barking at high pitch

— Deserpio



The Signboard And The Sign

A physician camped at Rudrapur. He hung a signboard with his name and vocation written on it, in front of the house he took on rent. He also distributed a hand-bill calling upon the inhabitants to seek his help in case anyone fell ill.

He arranged the medicine jars inside the front room of the house and stood on the verandah waiting for patients.

Late in the afternoon he saw a villager coming towards his house. But, to his surprise, the man took a turn and began walking away.

"Gentleman, why are you going back?" asked the physician.

"I doubt if there is any physician here!" said the man.

"Why this doubt? Don't you see the signboard?" asked the physician, still more surprised.

"The signboard is all right. But look at the other sign—those flower-plants in the tubs. They are dying because they have not been watered. How can ■■■ who does not care for his own plants care for his patients?" observed the man.

The physician realised his mistake. He was no more negligent of his plants.





THE LOST ACCOUNTS

Jeewan Seth, the money-lender, decided to entrust his son with his business and to retire from it. He explained to his son, Pravir, the laws and customs of money-lending. Then he showed his note-book to Pravir. It was the record of loans the people had taken from him.

Suddenly he shut down the book and said, "We must pay a visit to Haripur. Get ready."

Surprised, Pravir asked, "Is it very urgent?"

"Yes, from Haripur we must go to Rohitpur. Don't ask why and don't question my conduct until we are back," said Jeewan Seth.

Father and son reached Haripur soon and went to the home of Mahindra.

"We are on our way to Rohitpur. Since we had to pass by your house, I thought of re-

minding you of your dues. You have already paid four thousand rupees. Five thousand remains with you," said Seth.

"You are wrong, Sethji! Haven't I already paid you five thousand? You are to get three thousand more. Surely, you are mixing up my account with some one else's!" asserted Mahindra.

Jeewan Seth clapped his hands and said, "Right, I confused your case with that of Shyamsundar of Rohitpur."

Father and son then reached Shyamsundar's house at Rohitpur.

"Shyamsundar! When do you propose to pay up your loan? My due from you is ..." Seth slowly took out a folded scrap of paper from his pocket.

Shyamsundar hurried to STAY
"I remember it, Sethji. You HIT



to get three thousand and five hundred rupees including the interest till this month-end. I propose to pay you the whole sum next week."

"That should be fine," said Jeewan Seth.

Father and son returned home. Asked Pravir, "Father, what was the urgency in meeting Mahindra and Shyamsundar?"

"Their accounts were written on a piece of paper. I had neglected to transfer them to the note-book. The paper got drenched and the writing became unreadable. It was necessary to learn the accounts tactfully from them. Now we must write down the accounts in the notebook," said Jeewan Seth, laughing.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THEY WALKED INTO THE PAST

At the turn of the century ■■■ city of Paris was the capital of world's aristocracy. New ideas in fashion and style emanated from there. It was thought that the real twentieth century ■■■ being shaped in Paris.

But Paris was also the place for thinkers, writers and painters. To pay a visit to Paris was the fulfilment of a worthy desire for many.

Among them were ■■■ English ladies. They ■■■ Miss

Moberly and Miss Jourdan, colleagues and successive principals of St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

They ■■■ enjoying a leisurely stroll in an old ■■■ of the city, the Trianon. It was an afternoon of the year 1901.

Suddenly the buildings, the vehicles, the trees, the people whom they must have seen a little while ago faded from their ■■■. They saw different people, wearing ■■■ that ■■■



in vogue — than a hundred years ago, before the French Revolution.

Observes C.E.M. Joad in his *Guide to Modern Thought*: They saw woods, passed by a rustic bridge over a ravine down which ran a cascade, saw a man sitting by a garden kiosk, which were no longer there. They were accosted by a footman who emerged from a door in the palace which, through the destruction of a staircase, had ceased for nearly a hundred years to afford any exit.

Further, one of them saw on a palace-terrace a fashionable

lady and marked the details of her dress.

At that moment they felt nothing awkward about it, except — a — of depression overtook them. Later, however, they realised how strange, how weird, their experience had been. That was not the end of it. On reading the memoirs of Madame Eloffé, who — the French Queen Marie Antoinette's maid, Miss Moberly also found out that — lady whom she had seen on the terrace was — other than the queen. In — the queen used to put on a certain kind of dress which ex-



actly matched the dress of the lady Miss Moberly saw.

Marie Antoinette and her husband, King Louis XVI, had been executed during the French Revolution.

Every detail of what they saw that afternoon matched with Paris of the late eighteenth century.

Neither Miss Moberly Nor Miss Jourdan had any interest in French history. Nor had they given any thought to such supernatural happenings. Yet this happened to them.

The details of the experience of the two ladies are to be found

a in book, *An Adventure*, published in 1931 (Faber & Faber, London). C.E.M. Joad, the renowned author, says that their narrative "bore an unmistakable mark of good faith, and which, in the interval, has been made even more remarkable by subsequent research leading to verification on numerous details."

How to explain such phenomena? Does the past remain alive ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ plane of the atmosphere? What qualities one should possess to be able to enter that atmosphere? We do not know.

■ ■ ■ PUZZLES ■ THE ■ ■ ■





REPORT FROM THE FOREST

Mandar was a courtier in the durbar of King Chandrasen. He enjoyed a special position because he was very witty. When he narrated a story or an anecdote, the whole court listened to him with rapt attention. Whenever there was a debate or an argument on a subject he won the maximum support by virtue of his polished and clever speech.

"Is there any speaker cleverer than you?" once the king asked Mandar.

Mandar smiled proudly. "My lord, why don't you announce a reward of a hundred gold coins for one who would defeat me in a dialogue? But all those who would dare to take up the challenge and get defeated must come prepared to be whipped!"

The king was taken up by the idea. "No, my good friend. I

won't whip those who are defeated. But I must reward him who outshines you in wit" said the king.

An announcement was made accordingly. A date was fixed for the dialogue. About twenty candidates coming from different parts of the kingdom enrolled themselves for the event. They were lodged in a guest house.

Mandar was surprised. He did not anticipate such enthusiastic response to the call. He donned a disguise and among the candidates the day before the event. He gave them highly exaggerated reports about the genius of Mandar and tried to scare them. Indeed, about half of the candidates decided to withdraw from the contest.

Mandar was happy, but he feared one young man named

Ajit who seemed extremely suave, witty and wise.

Mandar took him aside and said, "My friend, here is the amount of a hundred gold coins. Take this and go back home."

Ajit was in great need of money. He understood that the giver was none other than Mandar. He accepted the gift and left.

In the contest Mandar dominated all. The king was happy with his courtier. Mandar received a pearl necklace.

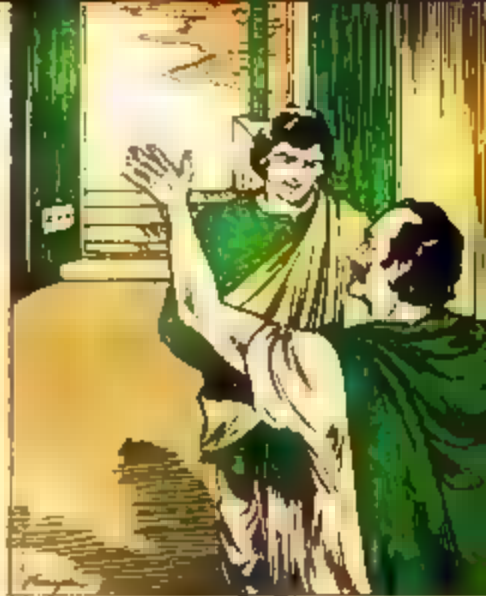
Three months passed. The king convened the contest once again. As soon as Ajit reached the guest house Mandar led him aside and gave him two hundred gold coins. Ajit went back without waiting for the event.

A few months later the king convened the contest for the third time.

As Ajit set out for the town, his father said, "My boy, beware of others' jealousy, for you have returned with rewards twice!"

"Father, I never had a chance to take part in the contest!" said Ajit. He then told his father how he received the money twice!

His father grew grave. "My son," he said, "this is not right.



God has given you wit and the power to speak. Nobody should be able to silence you through a bribe!"

Ajit nodded.

As soon as Ajit reached the guest house, Mandar offered him a bribe of two hundred gold coins and requested him to withdraw. Ajit did not agree. Mandar gradually raised his offer to a thousand gold coins. Even then Ajit was not willing to go back.

At night Mandar's hired hoodlums kidnapped him from the guest house and carried him into the forest and left him there. Ajit walked back to

court, but the contest had by then been over.

Even after this Ajit tried to participate in the contest, but Mandar stopped him somehow or the other, every time.

That only made Ajit more adamant. He managed to reach the court on the tenth time. Mandar looked astonished and annoyed, for he had taken all steps to check Ajit from reaching the court.

The king signalled for the dialogue to begin. At once Ajit spoke out, "I was coming through the forest. A tiger came rushing upon me!"

"Is that so? Was it a big one?"

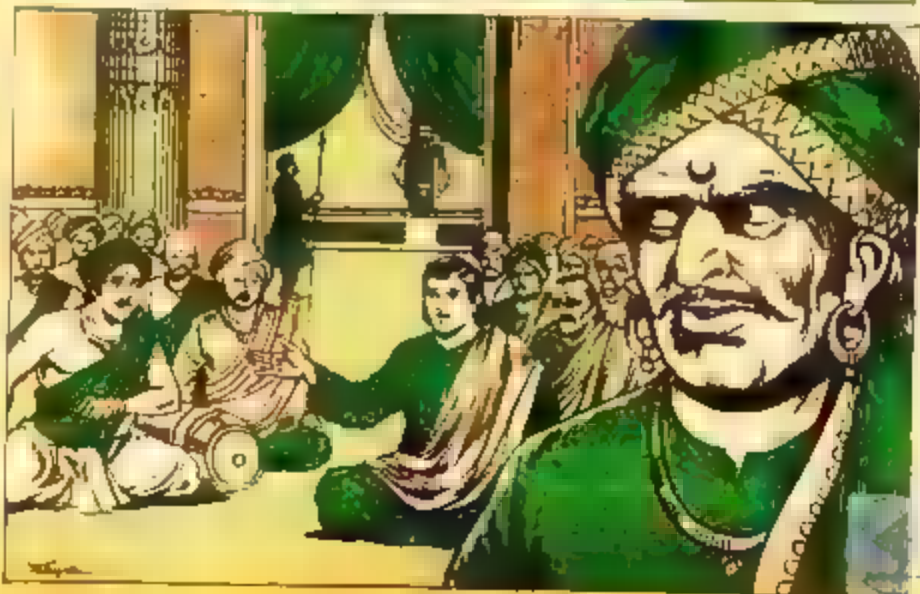
asked some of the participants.

"Should you not rather ask how I came here alive?" Ajit asked the participants in turn.

"Right," agreed the king.

Mandar looked disturbed. It was because Ajit had already drawn the king's favourable attention. He fixed a stern gaze on Ajit and observed, "You are advising others on what sort of question they should ask. Are you sure of your own capacity to put questions properly?"

"Let us see. I've mentioned of a certain incident. Either you ask some question based on that incident or let me ask you something about that," said



Ajit.

The king asked Ajit to come forward and take his seat facing Mandar.

Mandar asked him, "If a tiger rushed upon you, how could you come out of the forest alive?"

"That is a question I have already mentioned myself. What originality is there in your repeating it? Should you rather not ask me why I had taken to the forest route instead of travelling along the king's highway?"

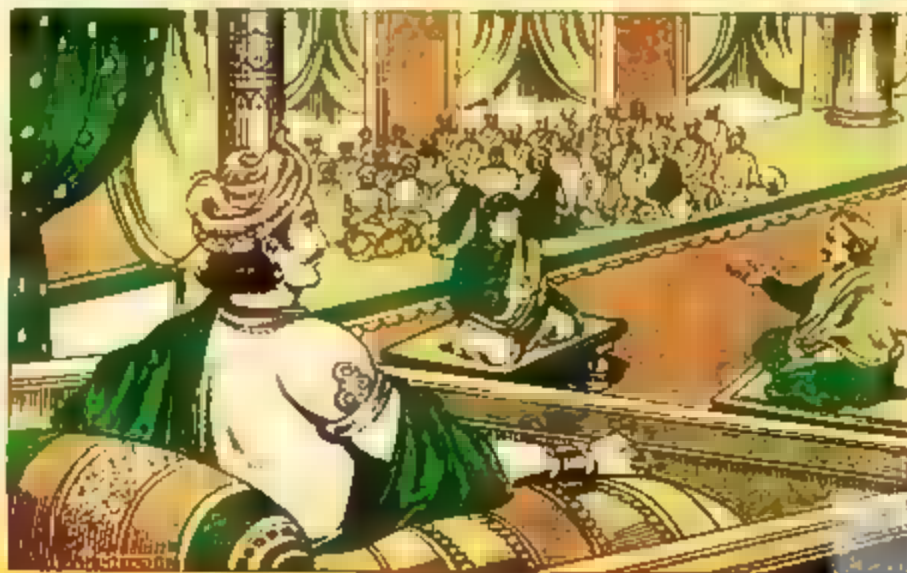
Ajit paused. Mandar looked pale.

Smiling meaningfully, Ajit

said, "Let me provide the answer myself. I was obliged to travel by the forest because a gentleman had employed some rowdies to stop me on the highway!"

Mandar looked even more pale. He tried a grin and said, "I won't be surprised if you accuse me of being the fellow who wanted to stop you. But answer me first, how did you escape the tiger? Don't try to bamboozle the king and his court."

"Very good. Here is the answer: the gentleman who wanted to stop me had also employed his son and two rowdies in the forest, apprehending





that I'll take to that route. The gentleman's son did not see the tiger. He suddenly sprang up between myself and the tiger. I took advantage of the situation and climbed a tree. I saw the tiger chasing those three. I don't know what happened to them. When they were gone, I got down and came here."

Ajit's statement had not been over when Mandar was found collapsing.

"What is this?" asked a bewildered king. Ajit told him that Mandar swooned away at the report of his son being chased by the tiger. It was Mandar who was stopping him from participating in the contest.

The king despatched his soldiers into the forest. But Mandar's son could not succeed.

The king asked Mandar to retire from the court. His place was given to Ajit.



The superintendent, on a round the school, found a boy doing his homework at midnight. "If all others are asleep like logs, I alone am doing my duty," said the booming superintendent.

"My boy, it is better to sleep than to be awake and feud with others at midnight," said the superintendent.



GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Sage Vashistha and Sage Viswamitra had become enemies of each other. They often quarrelled even before gods and kings. King Harishchandra showed great respect to Vashistha who was his guru and had annoyed Viswamitra on many occasions. Viswamitra decided to harass the king as much as possible.

One day while the king was performing a certain fire-rite alone, Viswamitra approached him, assuming the figure of an old Brahmin.

"O King, I am in dire need of something. Can you fulfil my need?" he asked.

Years ago, in the course of performing a great Yajna, the

king had taken an oath that he will never refuse anything to anybody. Besides, the old Brahmin met him at an auspicious moment. There was a question of the king showing any reluctance to oblige him. He said, "Tell me what is your need and I will give my life, if that is necessary, to fulfil it!"

"Very well. The God of Fire is the witness to your promise. I want your kingdom and all your wealth!" spoke out the old Brahmin.

"They are yours!" declared King Harishchandra even without raising an eyebrow!"

The Old Brahmin nodded and said, "In that case you and your



family ought to vacate the palace by tomorrow morning—but not before giving me my *Dakshina*!”

According to the tradition, after making a donation the donor had to give a supplementary gift known as the *Dakshina*. Without it, the main donation itself went in vain.

The king was in a fix. He said, “Well, Brahmin, how can I give you anything more when I am left with nothing?”

“That is your business. But I am not going to waive my right to *Dakshina*,” said the Brahmin quite curtly.

“What is your expectation in

Dakshina?” asked the King. “It must be commensurate with the stature of the donation you have made,” said the Brahmin. He then demanded an amount of gold that was considerable.

“All right,” said the king. “Give me time and I will earn the amount and give it to you.”

The king returned into the palace, sad and pale. “What’s the matter with you?” asked Queen Shrivya. The king told her everything and added, “Tomorrow we must desert the palace as it is no longer ours!”

Early in the morning the king, the queen and their son Rohit left the palace. News had already spread in the city about the king giving away all to a Brahmin. Men and women flocked to them, weeping. But the king asked them to go back.

The old Brahmin met them as soon as they were out of the city. “Give me a month’s time and I will do my best to pay you your due. Look upon me as one who is indebted to you,” said the king.

They reached the city of Varanasi. The king worked here and there. But whatever he earned was only enough to sustain the three. A month passed.

The old Brahmin appeared before

fore them and demanded his due.

"Brahmin! You cannot say that the full month has passed, since the sun has not yet set over this day," said the king.

"I will return soon after the sunset," warned the Brahmin as he left them.

To the pensive king Queen Shaivya said, "Please sell me away as a slave. The amount you will receive might enable you to pay up your debt."

The proposal shocked the king. The queen of a great dynasty was to be sold as a slave! The thought drove him almost mad!

"It is most important that you fulfil your promise. There will be nothing more satisfying for me than to be helpful to you in this. Please do not hesitate. Sell me to somebody," the queen said insistently.

"Ho! Is there anybody to buy my wife?" the king shouted standing on the roadside. Passers-by collected there. Out of them came Viswamitra, now assuming another figure.

"My wife is old. I need a woman to do my household chores. I am willing to buy your wife," he said. Then, surveying Queen Shaivya, he said again,



"I am prepared to give the amount that a woman with the highest signs of virtue deserves. I see that this woman has all such signs."

The Brahmin pushed the price into the dazed king's hands and gave the queen a rude pull commanding her to follow him.

Prince Rohit broke into tears and ran behind his mother.

"O my master, will you not also be pleased to buy my son? It will be hard for him to work in your household without him. You give him some work. I can assure you that he will do it sincerely and honestly."



The Brahmin reluctantly paid some more money to the king and bought the boy.

As the queen ■ the prince departed, the king fainted for a moment. But Viswamitra, taking the form of the old Brahmin, appeared there soon and reminded the king that sun had already set.

The king handed out to him the money he had received as the price for his wife and son. The Brahmin counted the amount and showed that it still fell short of his demand.

"Wait a little. I'll offer myself for sale," said the king. He then called out to passers-by to buy

him.

The king was employed to realise fees from those who came to the cremation-ground to bury their dead.

Days passed. The queen and her ■ continued to work in the Brahmin's household. One day, while the boy was climbing ■ old tree ■ gather dry branches for fuel, he was bitten by a snake. He fell down and died. Queen Shaiyya came running to him.

"You cannot waste your time over a dead ■. Go back to your work. Carry the corpse to the cremation ground only at night," the Brahmin shouted out his order.

It was midnight when the queen carried her son's dead-body ■ the cremation ground, all alone.

"Who ■ you? Produce the fee before burning the corpse!" said Harishchandra who was guarding the ground.

"I do not have any money to pay. Please allow me to cremate my son's body!" said the weeping queen.

Her voice startled Harishchandra. He ■ near the corpse and removed the piece of cloth covering it. Seeing that it ■ Rohit who lay dead, he

gave out a cry of horror.

The queen now recognised him. Together they bemoaned their lot. They then lighted the funeral pyre for Rohit and decided to die themselves in it.

But when they were about to lie down on Rohit's pyre themselves, a golden light illumined the place.

To their great surprise, they saw the Divine Mother appearing before them. Behind Her appeared many gods and goddesses. The old Brahmin was there too, now revealed as Viswanutra.

To the great joy of the royal couple, Rohit sat up as if he had woken up from a deep sleep.

"You have stood the most severe test, O King!" said the Divine Mother. Indra, the king of the gods, stepped forward and said that King Harishchandra and Queen Sharyya had earned their right to dwell in heaven. All this because they



had never for a moment lost their faith in the Divine Mother.

The king and the queen returned to Ayodhya. Rohit succeeded the king to the throne in due time. The king and the queen ascended the heavens. The saga of Harishchandra remains immortal as an illustration of truthfulness.

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THE BEST LISTENER

King Vishnuvardhan of Dhavalgiri was a great lover of music. On the occasion of the Dusserah, every year, he organised a musical event. Renowned artistes from his own kingdom as well as from outside participated in the event.

Numerous people flocked to the durbar hall to enjoy the festival of music.

Once the king invited Narayan Bharati, perhaps the greatest of all living singers of the time, to participate in the event. Bharati was always very reluctant to attend public functions. Besides he belonged to Haripur, a distant land, and he was an unwilling traveller. However, since the king's minister himself met him as the king's emissary, he could not refuse the invitation.

A large crowd assembled to

hear Bharati. The king was so engrossed in his music that he forgot everything else.

At the end of the performance the king hugged Bharati and exclaimed, "Bharati! I'm lucky to get a chance to hear!"

"My lord, I'm no less lucky to get a listener like you!" said Bharati.

"Well, I'm sure, you enchanted the whole audience!" commented the king.

Bharati's smile vanished. He lowered his voice and said, "No, my lord, most of them were whispering among themselves or dozing or were just restless. I always feel the pulse of an audience while singing."

"I'm so sorry to hear this. Why then did they come?" wondered the king.

"My lord, for many of them this was an opportunity to show

their faces to you. Who does not wish a little familiarity with the king?" explained Bharati.

"I see!" The king did not say anything more.

When the time for the next musical event came, the king announced that he who proves himself the best listener ~~will~~ be rewarded with a thousand rupes.

The king had not consulted his minister when he ordered the announcement to be made. Upon hearing of it, the minister asked him, "My lord, thousands will throng the durbar hall lured by the reward. How will you decide who among them is the best listener?"

"It is going to be a difficult task. But I thought that tempted by the reward people will be attentive to the music and thereby develop a taste for it," said the king.

The time for the function came. Bharati was no more available, but those who came to sing were his disciples and highly gifted artistes.

As soon as the singing started all the thousands of listeners began swaying their heads and making gestures of appreciation. At the end of the first song the minister stood up and



announced, "Gentlemen, you are all aware of the reward. The condition, however, is that no one is allowed to make any movement of his head or hands. Those who violate the condition shall be punished."

Thereafter all sat quiet. But only one man who was listening with his eyes closed, began to nod his head keeping with the rhythm and waved his hands appreciatively.

At the end of the second song the minister whispered some warning to the man. He apologised and promised to ~~be~~ still. But as soon as the third song began, he began believing in the



same way. The minister warned him again and the man promised to abide by his advice. But he could not sit still for more than two minutes after the next song began.

At the end of the programme the minister asked the man, "Did I not warn you that you were likely to lose your head if you made those gestures? Did you forget it?"

"Yes, sir, the sweet music made me forget all about it. Well, what use retaining a head that cannot sway in appreciation of such songs?" answered the man.

The minister smiled and told the king, "My lord, here is the best listener!" The king also smiled and agreed with the minister's observation.



A man who had just crossed hundred years of age was interviewed for the radio.

"Will you please tell us the secret of your happy life?" asked the interviewer.

"I don't know it, sir," he replied. "I do a simple thing. When I get up in the morning, I tell myself that I have two choices. To be happy or to be unhappy. I decide to be happy!" was the old man's answer.



THE BRAHMA WITH HAPPINESS

It was night. A tired traveller peeped into a hut near a forest. Inside it a man sat cooking. A cat slept in a ■■■■■. Its tail was bandaged.

"Gentleman, can I pass the night as your guest?" asked the traveller.

"Why not! I'll entertain ■■■■■ to a simple dinner too. But I have a condition for all who seek my shelter," said the man.

"What is the condition?"

"I put some questions to my guests. If they cannot ■■■■■ correctly, they agree ■■■■■ bear with a slap from ■■■■■ for each default. Do you agree to this condition?"

"I agree," replied the traveller.

They sat for dinner. The host drew the traveller's attention ■■■■■ his cat and asked, "What is that?"

The traveller was happy at the simple question.

"Well, it is a cat," he replied.

"Never, it is Brahma!" the host corrected the poor traveller and slapped him hard.

Before the traveller had recovered from his shock, the host asked, pointing his hand at a water-jar, "What does the jar contain?"

"Water," replied the guest.

"Never, it contains life!" said the host and he slapped the traveller hard again.

A ■■■■■ later he asked, this time looking at the oven, "What glows there?"

"Fire!"

"Never, it is happiness," said ■■■■■ host and he slapped the traveller hard for the third time.

"What ■■■■■ this?" he asked again pointing at the roof.

"Roof, of course!"



LET US KNOW

I have ~~heard~~ ~~heard~~ the expression "Et tu Brute?" several times. What does it mean?

—Robin Daruwalla, Bombay.

The meaning is, "You too, Brutus?" This is what Julius Caesar, the Roman ruler, said—and these were his dying words—when the Roman Senators began stabbing him inside the Capitol (the Senate Hall). He considered Brutus his most intimate friend. Surprised at the sudden attack, he is believed to have looked to Brutus for help. But ~~Brutus~~ Brutus too was holding a dagger, ready to bring it down on him. This must have been the greatest shock to Caesar. He did ~~not~~ try ~~to~~ protect himself thereafter.

Who are the Caliphs?

—Brinda Mishra, Patna.

Caliph, derived from the Arabic Khalifah, means the successor. The successors of prophet Mohammad were called the Caliphs. They were kings as well as religious heads, ruling from Bagdad. The most famous of the Caliphs was Haroun-al-Raschid in the 9th century. The Caliphate is no longer there.

In a musical programme coming from London, I found an item called Reggae. What is it?

—S. Ranganathan, Hubli.

A kind of rock music, generally accompanied by violent gestures, originating in the West Indies.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Devdas Kandasamy



Mr. A.L. Eyal

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue of the next.

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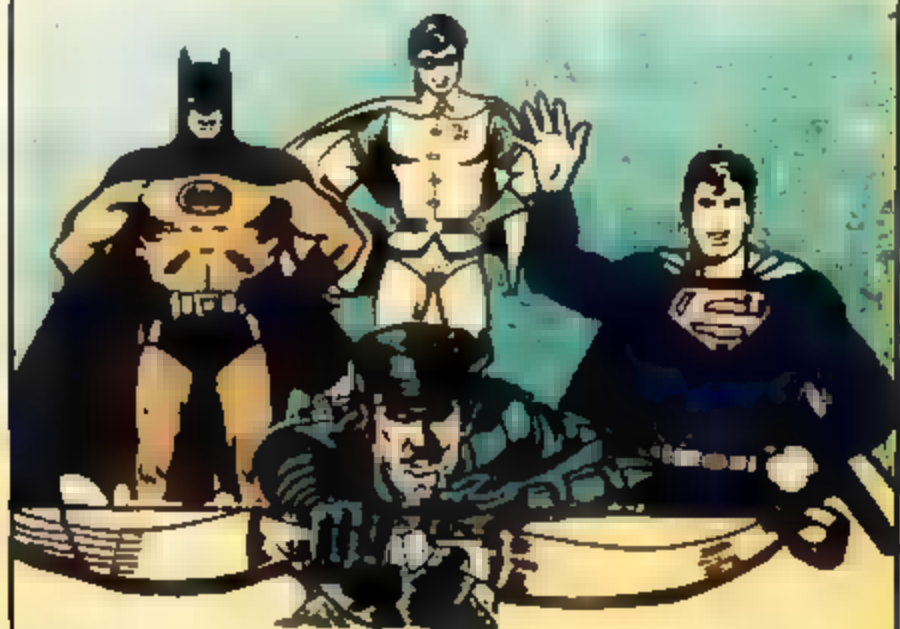
The Winning Entry:— 'Skyish Flutter' — 'Childish Chatter'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

—Andre Maurois



If I had a child who wanted to be a teacher, I would bid him Godspeed as if he were going to a war. For wisdom the war against prejudice, greed and ignorance is eternal, and those who dedicate themselves to it give their lives no less because they may live to see some fraction of the battle won.



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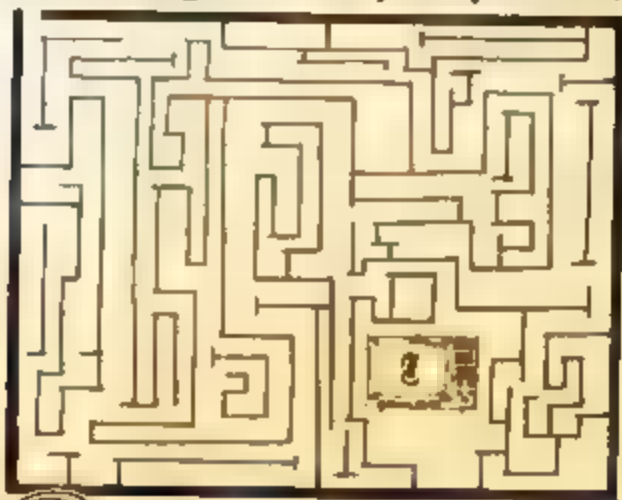
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5. How do you tell a terrapin from a turtle?

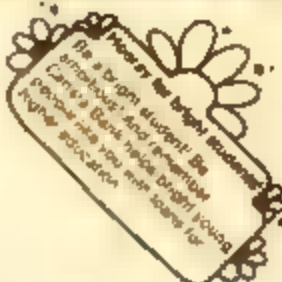
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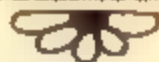
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3. The Chestnut
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5. It keeps them very busy
6. A lot of money has been spent on it
7. In water and on land



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A smile for Rajkumari Mina



One day upon a time
in a far off kingdom
there ruled a great Raja.
He had everything he
could desire. Riches,
Popularity, Power. But
still he was not a
happy man.

He decided to hold a
contest. He sent out
his messengers to
announce that
whoever could put a
smile on the
Rajkumari's face
would receive a big
reward.

Many people, young
and old, used their
best. They came,
bearing all kinds of
gifts. But still the

king's daughter,
the Rajkumari Mina,
was a very beautiful
girl. But there was one
thing missing from her
face. A happy smile.

Try as he would, the
Raja could not
succeed in getting his
daughter to smile. He
gave her everything he
could think of, all
sweets, gold, precious
stones and even rare
perfumes. But the
Rajkumari still never
smiled.

The Raja grew more
and more worried
every day. Finally he

Rajkumar did not
smile. One day a
handsome Rajkumar
came to the palace.
Before the whole
court he presented
the Rajkumari with a
gift. She accepted it
graciously. When she saw
the contents, to the
amazement of
everyone present, she
actually smiled.



The king was thrilled.
He asked to see what
was in the bag. And
do you know what he
saw? A small
box of ToFrees &
Eclairs. The Rajkumari
was now carrying the
delicious treat. Her
face was all smiles.

The king was so very
happy. He celebrated

the Rajkumar and
asked him to choose
his reward.

The Rajkumar had
fallen in love with the
beautiful Rajkumari.
So he asked the king
for two things. One,
to marry his daughter.
And two, for enough
ToFrees & Eclairs to
keep them both smiling
for the rest of their
lives.

THE TASTE OF
QUALITY.



Ravalgaon

Sweets
& ToFrees
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I'll have one room
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and one with big kits..."



Kids love Parle Gluco—
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Mumbai, India



"Never, it is height," he said and slapped the guest again even harder than before.

On the verge of weeping, the traveller then said, "I'm having a burning sensation all over my body. Let me go out for a stroll in the open."

He came out to the open. By chance the cat too came out.

The traveller lighted a cheroot and threw away the burning match-stick.

The cat which was passing by

got the fire in its bandaged tail. It hopped on to the roof and the thatch caught fire.

"Hello gentleman, the Brahma rose to height with happiness. You will regret unless you pour life immediately," the traveller informed his host.

"What do you mean?"

Instead of explaining, the traveller repeated his statement. By the time the host saw the fire, it had been too late to save his hut.



"This coat will make you look like a king, sir," the salesman told the customer, who was about to buy it, with assurance.

"Is that so?" asked the customer, returning the coat to the salesman. "I don't want it. You see, I don't want to look like a commoner every time I put off the coat!"